



# Sail



80 4 5

## Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

/Maybe I should cry for help.../

/Maybe I should kill myself.../

/Blame it on my ADD, baby.../

/Sail.../

The song is stuck in my head.

It's been stuck there for days and days. I just can't get it out.

/Maybe I'm a different breed.../

I am. And I wish to God I weren't. I would give anything to be normal. Anything.

People can be so hateful. They laugh at me when I keep looking behind me in the halls. They point and jeer when I tap my seat 6 times before sitting. They make weird faces when I say I don't drive alone because Al Qaeda is hunting for me. They tease me with "are you gonna go cut yourself now?" whenever something upsets me. They steal my things when I'm not looking and

blame it on the ghosts that I stupidly admitted seeing in my room every night when they come to talk to me. They call me a freak.

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Everyone hates me.

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/Maybe I'm not listening.../

No. Not anymore. It's time to do something.

Time to listen to the ghosts and the voices.

## Chapter 2 by Aaron Hartmann



I'm sailing away

Set an open course for the virgin sea

'Cause I've got to be free

Free to face the life that's ahead of me

On board, I'm the captain

So climb aboard

We'll search for tomorrow

On every shore

And I'll try, oh Lord, I'll try

To carry on

I look to the sea

Reflections in the waves spark my memory

Some happy, some sad

I think of childhood friends and the dreams we had

We lived happily forever

So the story goes

But somehow we missed out

On the pot of gold

But we'll try best that we can

To carry on

A gathering of angels

Appeared above my head

They sang to me this song of hope

And this is what they said, they said

Come sail away, come sail

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me, baby

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Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me

I thought that they were angels

But to my surprise

We climbed aboard their starship

We headed for the skies, singing

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me, lads

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me

Come sail away, come sail away, come sail away with me

Come sail away, come sail away

### Chapter 3 by Libra the Demonic Angel-UGH TOO MUCH HOMEWORK



The ghosts in my room were back. I began to tremble, my entire body and soul straining to call for help. I was so tense I could feel my muscles vibrating, the way they do when an airplane is about to take off. But I needed to stay and listen.

The ghost had a face that was distorted and broken, with pale eyes and a broken jaw. Its skin was hanging off its bones as it crawled toward me like a spider. I was frozen like glue to my spot, my abdomen as hard as a rock from the stress.

It grinned and leaned its face closer than it ever had before; "

Why arent you'calling? It asked.

My lips parted and I tried to talk, but only a frightened squeak came out. It grinned wider. Ill be back. Then it vanished.

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